TO

Nicholas Harding, Esq;

On his being appointed

LAW-READER

TO HIS

Royal-Highness the Duke.

---------- *Voce Paternâ*
Fingeris ad Rectum. ---------- *Pia Mater*
Plus quàm Se sapere, & Virtutibus esse priorem
Vult. ---------- HOR.

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TO

Nicholas Harding, Esq;

DEAR SIR,

IN your Procedings with the Royal-Youth,
Let it your Honour be! to tell him Truth.
So tinge the recent Vessel, that the Taste
Of God-like Reason may for-ever last.
Train him, to use his proper Eyes; and leave
No Room, to pin his Trust on any Sleeve.
This will prepare his Judgment, to steer-clear
Of that pernicious Friend, a Flatterer.
Shew him the Rock, on which his Houshold stand;
And, how an Abdicator lost the Land.
Passive-Obedience fail not to defeat;
Dissect that Lawless-cant and Holy-cheat,
From whence Apostates made so lame Reteat!
Ready, 'tis guess'd, to re-vamp-up the Same,
To *Prester-John* or any other Name;
Wou'd purer *GEORGE* but countenance the Game.

For,

For, ſince they miſs'd to bar him from the Throne;
Cou'd they ſeduce him There, their Work were done:
See *Hare*-brain'd Stuffe, *Jan.* thirtieth, thirty-one.
Prove; the main Bleſſing of this happy Land
To be, when Prince and Senate hand-in-hand
Public and private Enemies withſtand:
With no Taxations from the People ſcru'd,
But what are Needful for the Common-Good.
This is the charming Scene, the Object true,
Where Non-Reſiſtence loyally is due.
Then Induſtry purſues our Vital-Trade,
And Court and Country opulent are made.
Thus, like the Blood in un-obſtructed State,
Protection and Subjection circulate.
Let not (*à Deo Rex, à Rege Lex*)
His tender Hopeful-Intellect perplex.
Demonſtrate to him, that (*ung Dieu, ung Roy*)
Wou'd ev'ry Sov'reign, except One, deſtroy.
Both which Deliriums are the vile Pretenſe
Of Sycophants, abhorr'd by Men-o'-Senſe.
That the beſt Authors may his Mind engage,
Direct him to his MOTHER'S-Hermitage.
Their Law is Reaſon! the deep Baſe of All,
Which Men, or Law, or Equity can call.
And there Religion, wou'd we Underſtand!
Is more Securely fix'd, than built on Sand.

The

The fierceſt Tempeſts, of free-blowing Air,
In vain attack the goodly Structure there.
  The Goſpells for his Symbol let him read,
But *Magna-Charta* for his Civil-Creed.
Preach; that the God-head claims eternal Awe,
Prior to all Eſtabliſhment by Law.
No Crown and Mitre mutually depend;
Each has it's diff'rent Riſe, it's diff'rent End:
Regal-Supremacy may Heav'n defend!
Nor ſcandalizing Loit'rers haunt a Court,
But faithful Paſtors to their Flocks reſort;
Without ſuch infamous Regard as This,
To be Tranſlated to a thicker Fleece;
Ne'er ceaſing to blaſpheme their Ghoſtly-Call,
Till they can reach the Golden-One of all.
Good *Bernard Gilpin* * made His-Proſpect ſure,
By willful Lab'ring in one Rural-Cure!
  Convince him; that the Gentlemen in Red
Do wear their Country's-Cloth, and eat Her-Bread:
And, when this Iſle did Preſervation lack;
'Twas ſav'd by Them, and not by Thoſe in Black.
Still; for that Order's honour, we ſhou'd raiſe
To ſome Select-ones Monuments of Praiſe:
And, for the Injuries thro' which he ran,
In Imitation of One More-than-Man!
I mention *Samuel Johnſon* in the Van.

* Read his printed old-faſhion'd Life.

Inſtruct him; the Firſt-Polity was made,
Not for the Govern-or, but Govern-ed:
Yet; that the wiſeſt Nations find their own
Account, in all the Splendors of a Throne!
And, whilſt crown'd Nurſing-Parents Growth command,
Republics foſter with a ſtarving Hand.

When Merit in Obſcurity lies hid;
Breed him to call it Forth, and Wellcome bid.
When Immoralities do Nobles ſtain;
To diſreſpect 'em, dignifies a Reign.
Nothing ſubverts all Laws in ſuch a Trice,
As eminent Encouragements to Vice.
So Infidelity o' courſe gains Ground,
Where Life from Doctrine is eccentric found.

Touch gently; that your Pupil duly wait,
Till his great FATHER and his BROTHER, late!
Demiſe to Him the yet-contingent State:
Till Then, to celebrate his Ducal-Name,
By treading their Exemplar-Steps to Fame;
Spur'd to grand Deeds by the praiſe-worthy Pride,
Of Virtues both from Male and Female-ſide!

That You may ſet his ſprightly Genius right,
And range Ideas in the ampleſt Light;
Diſtinguiſh to him, on ſome inſtanc'd Caſe,
The Acts of Office from the Acts of Grace:

A Point

A Point, by vulgar Inadvertence, grown
To ord'nary Capacities unknown.
For Choice of Miniſters, pre-ſcribe the Art;
A penetrating Head, and honeſt Heart.
To ſerve two Maſters, never can be done;
So King-and-Country's Service ſhould be One.
This wou'd maintain entire the Sacred-Hedge,
Betwixt Prerogative and Privilege.
As to your Office it does well belong,
Expound the Maxim (*Kings can do no Wrong.*)
Which Phraſe interpreted no-doubt means Thus,
That Can and Muſt are there Synonymous.
This in a Subject's Caſe appears more Plain,
Who Cannot fire a Church, or rob a Wain.
Some in this Manner explicate the Thing,
By Wrongs the Tyrant does immerge the King.
To caſt on Underlings the total Blame;
Is ſuch an Argument, as carries Shame:
For, touch a guilty Vaſſal, if you can;
Whilſt the un-erring Maſter skreens the Man.
So Nurſes on the ſilly Child prevail;
To catch the Bird, by Salt upon it's Tail.
Put your Diſciple conſtantly in Mind,
That Juſtice ever has been painted Blind.
The neutral Goddeſs may e'en break her Scales,
If Gold or any other Weight avails.

No

No Caſe in Nature can be half ſo Bad,
Her Sword's then wielded by a Hand that's Mad.
In ſhort; for any Laws there's little Need,
Unleſs adminiſter'd with Care and Speed.
  On other Keys I properly might touch,
But I'll avoid offending by Too-Much.
Whatever elſe your Learning may incline
To recommend, as fitter Hints than mine;
From ev'ry Topic this Concluſion draw,
The Public-Welfare is the Sum of Law!
  Nothing here urg'd, ſuppoſing it Untrue,
Can poſſibly, dear Sir! reflect on You;
Who nor approv'd this Intercourſe, nor knew.
As you'll ſcarce envy theſe unpoliſh'd Thoughts;
'Twou'd be Unjuſt, that You ſhou'd ſhare their Faults.
  My Sentiments, to fair Examen put;
And Something elſe, if righly we compute;
Stand on the glorious Revolution-Foot!
To Cenſurers, of What theſe Lines advance;
I anſwer —— *Honi ſoit, qui Mal y penſe.*
To Critics, I pretend no Diſ-eſteem;
But, I proteſt, I did Not think of them.
If by THEIR-MAJESTIES true Friends I'm read,
'Tis All I ask; and, What I've ſaid, I've ſaid.

F I N I S.

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